The London Disaster.

The following lines were composed by BLIND BILL, THE FIDDLER, well known over the Dominion of Canada, on the wreck of the Victoria :

On May the 24th many souls went to rest
In a watery grave at London, Ont., west,
Her Majesty's Birthday, they on pleasure were bent,
When fully two hundred to eternity went.
The ill-fated vessel to Springbank had been,
With a large pleasure party to honor our Queen.
They left in the morning no more to return,
And grief-stricken friends were left but to mourn.

There were Fathers and Mothers their Children and all
Had to answer that night to death's awful call.
In the midst of the river, not far from the shore
They sank, helpless victims, to rise nevermore.
The scenes were heartrending, no pen can portray
The wails of the dying, their shouts of dismay.
There were lovers and brothers that night went to sleep,
And found a cold grave in that water so deep,

There were men in position and children in mirth ;
Widows, Mothers and Maidens that night went from earth,
To seek in that Haven where God finds us rest,
The mansions of beauty, where all is the best.
Oh, that such a disaster may ne'er be forgot !
And another the same never fall to our lot,
But live in our memories green as it may,
And be a lesson to all from that memorable day.

The *Princess Louise* to the *Victoria* returned,
To assist mother ship, while on shore many mourned.
Mothers, fathers and daughters, broke down by their grief,
Could be seen on the bank, with no hope of relief—
Their near ones, their dear ones all gone at one sweep,
And they, mourning creatures, were left but to weep ;
Sighing and crying and quite broken down,
That night all in sadness returned to the town.

May warning be taken and care now be given
To crowding of vessels when leaving the haven ;
May all in command be trustworthy and wise,
Be prudent and watchful,—their names will then rise,—
Each one in our household will hold good their names,
Their prudence, their virtues, and care taking pains,
And speak with much pleasure of those they can trust,
As all prudent people ultimately must.

The rotten old hulk, unseaworthy she was,
On board no confusion—overcrowding the cause.
May God in His goodness have their souls now in heaven,
Though from earth's green sward and fountains so quickly were driven.
We trust in our Saviour, who died for us all,
Crucified on the cross, drank vinegar and gall.
Let us hope in his bosom they all have found rest
And peace to their souls, and all now be blest.

WILLIAM KEHOE.
(BLIND BILL.)